

Merry Christmas!



Ashjes

Tales from a new era

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Ashes

Tales from a new era

Here we are with a new issue of Ashes, the fifth. It's been roughly one year since we launched this initiative and the growing number of downloads have encouraged us to keep it up. During Essen 2017 we issued the first printed copy of the magazine (which can be downloaded from our website), an initiative that will be repeated at the next fair.

It's now December and we've had a chance to do the sums on the events of the past year. It was a 2017 rich with satisfactions and critical moments. We finalised our first Kickstarter by completing the second wave of Nova Aetas, which will leave China in January, concluded an enormously successful campaign (with respect to our expectations) and laid the foundations for future projects.

We are currently charging ahead with the development of Sine Tempore, which in view of the campaign will be enriched with huge amounts of materials. We are particularly captivated by the Pandora expansion, thanks to its peculiarities in terms of gameplay and its riveting background.

Between March and April we will launch our new Kickstarter campaign for Black Rose, a game set in Nova Aetas, in the magical city of Turin, where a number of mages will battle it out inside the rooms of the Lodge. We enjoyed the opportunity to officially present the game at Essen, where the response was excellent from both players and colleagues.

In regards to new projects, all I can tell you at the moment is that we are collaborating with third-party developers who have proposed some truly interesting games, including a board game on the conflicts between small groups focused on aspects of decay and a card game set in the world of Nova Aetas, which sees the Duke of Milan and the Kingdom of Naples enter the scene.

Internally, we've been working on a game of survival in a war-torn world, where every expedient may prove indispensable in ensuring survival. In this game, temporarily called "Heart of Steel", you'll find fantastic Mechs from 10-15 cm tall.

As I leave you to read this issue, I wish you all a 2018 filled with dice rolls, board game victories and personal satisfaction.

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How I did it!

We've reached the last chapter of the story of how Nova Aetas was created, concluding the column with an explanation of the advancement system!

As you know, NA is inspired by Japanese RPG, which have been invading our consoles since the late 1990s. The original idea was to reproduce the fantastic and indulgent class system of these games, but we immediately realised this would be problematic.

First and foremost in terms of the materials, given that producing a miniature for every class and each gender of heroes was out of the question (although very tempting), and also because each class would have needed its own rules, cards and tokens... it would have taken 10 years or more to properly finish testing everything. So, after feeling sorry for ourselves a little, we began a screening process and in the end, the foursome of heroes in the core box saw the light. We nonetheless wanted to maintain the advanced class selection system of the Japanese RPG, but from the initial version with 3 advancement levels and 5 secondary classes for each base hero, we finally settled on the version we know today. We were very satisfied, the two levels of mastery and two "career" choices allowed an excellent level of personalisation without weighing down the game. We also decided not to use the classic system of experience-based points, but rather to link the learning of new skills to missions, thus creating the system you know today, which essentially rewards players if they win a mission, but doesn't over-punish them if they are defeated, giving them a chance to advance.



We were very happy with the final result, and based on our experiences with NA, we created the ST system, which allows the game to become a genuine "open world" where an even more flexible campaign system allows players total freedom of choice... and we have lots of ideas to expand on the system even further, if ever there were to be an NA2 (spoiler?).

And with that, we're done with the story of NA! From this issue on we'll pass the baton to Marco Montanaro, who will tell us the story of how his fantastic BRW came to be!!!



Luca Bernardini



He was born on a cold stormy night way back on the 1st January 1977. It was clear from day 1 that he'd be a pain in the neck, forcing his mother to spend New Year's Eve in hospital.

He has a degree in archaeology and is a point of reference for studies on all historical issues relating to the medieval and the Italian renaissance.

Forever passionate about any wargame the human mind was able to conceive, his interest in board games matured later on.

He loves miniatures in all their forms, especially high fantasy sculptures and epic poses. By some strange law of compensation, he adores disproportionately big weapons and armour.

He is one of the founders of LMS and creators of Nova Aetas. At the studio he is mainly responsible for communication and also looked after the implementation of the second wave of our first game.



The face of a Game Designer

He is currently deeply involved in the development of Sine Tempore and in a mysterious game secretly hidden in the files of his PC, which he has spoken about only to his cat Chicco.

When he's not at a swing lesson, you can find him at a game table somewhere in Rome, intent on asserting one of his strange tactics in the most modern wargame of all.



Synchronized swimming



Synchronized screaming



*A long time ago
in a galaxy far far away*

A fistful of Fiorini

Skirmish mission

Armies

Fiorini

Time

2 companies



Start: 11:00 am
End: 2:00 pm

In the Tuscan countryside, in the town of Frittole, a competition is held between the surrounding communities to determine which is the most valorous town.

Flags are laid out on a small piece of land, which are the cornerstone of the competition.

The central flag, that of the King, is the one that guarantees the most victory points to whoever controls it, while in the two side posts you can find potions that offer bonuses to whoever drinks them, and the flags of the vassals for additional victory points.

Each town selects its champion, who brings with them their faithful followers.

Who will be the winner this year? Who will take home the rich prize in fiorini?



Santa Claus flag token



Rules

Battlefield setup

- Arrange the tiles as shown in the map picture
- Each player, starting from the youngest, chooses a single empty tile and places one "large" element or two "small" elements on that tile, until there are no empty tiles

Deployment

- Each player roll a D6 and whoever gets the highest number gets to choose one deployment zone on the map, marked in red or blue. The opponent gets the opposite side.
- Each player, alternately, will deploy a unit until all of them are on the battlefield.
Put its activation token on the first horologium sector available after the minutes hand (max 2 units per sector).
- When one player is done with their deployment and the other one still has to finish they may place all of their remaining miniatures on the field.

Victory conditions

- The company with more victory points wins the battle

Victory points

The players receive Victory points each time they control a flag, 2 points for the **Santa Claus flag** and 1 for the **Santa's little helpers flags**. A player controls a flag if at least one of their models is next to the flag square and if there are no enemy models next to the flag (enemy models next to the flag controller don't count).

Special rules

An incapacitated hero can respawn from their deployment zone, moving their activation token forward by 6 sectors.

Santa's little helpers flag tokens, when a model is adjacent to one of these tokens can spend 1 AP to open a gift:



Roll a D6:
1-2) The Gift explode and the model suffers 1 Wo
3-4) The model gain Chase for the next attack
5-6) Heal 2 Wo



Roll a D6:
1-2) The Gift was a fraud and the model take a Cursed token
3-4) The model gain Reach2 for the next attack
5-6) Gain a Battle Focus token

Skirmish rules are included in the Pandora's Box Rulebook, please download it following the link:

support.ludusmagnusstudio.com

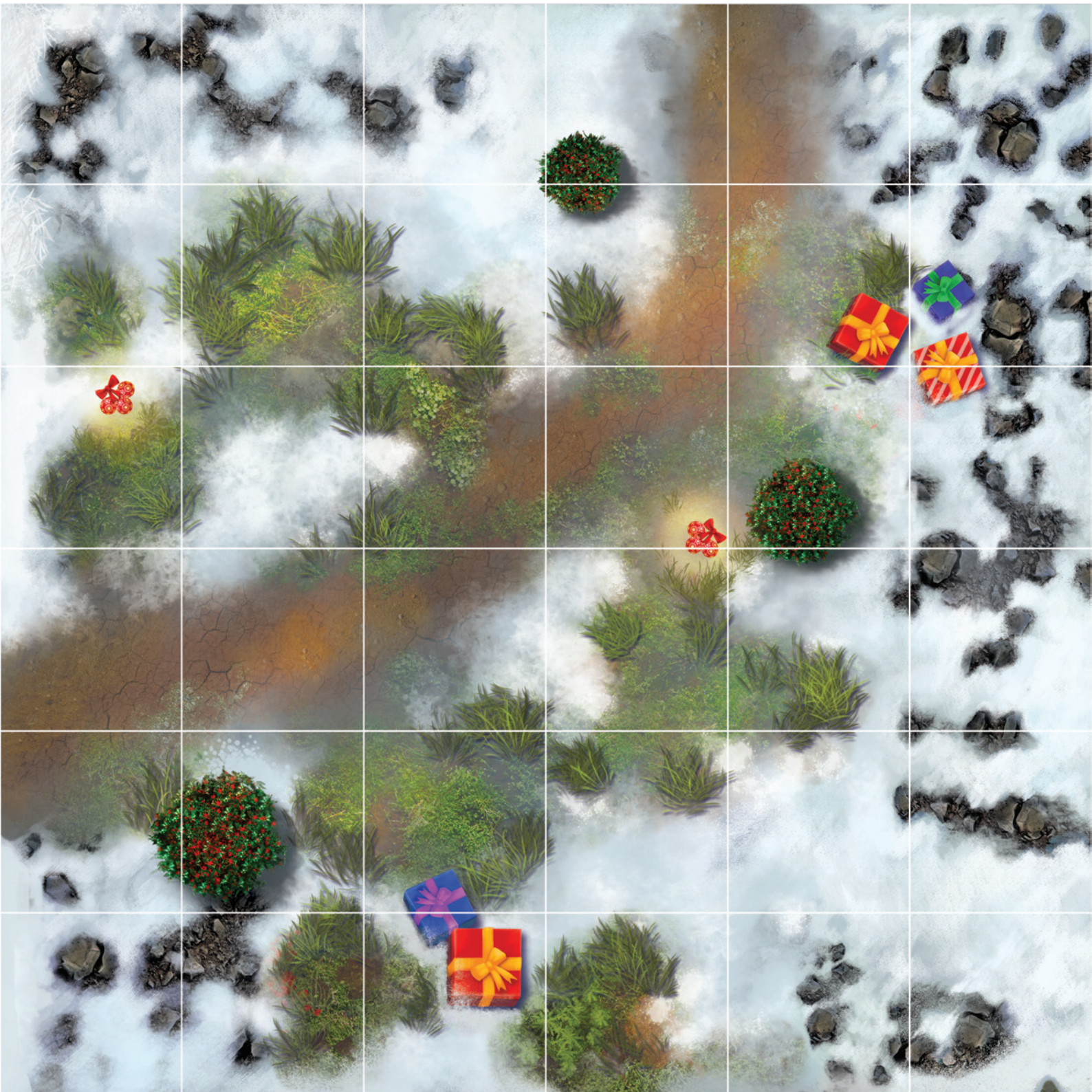
Print material

You can print these tiles and token, we recommend you glue these elements onto a suitable support (best: 2mm cardboard)

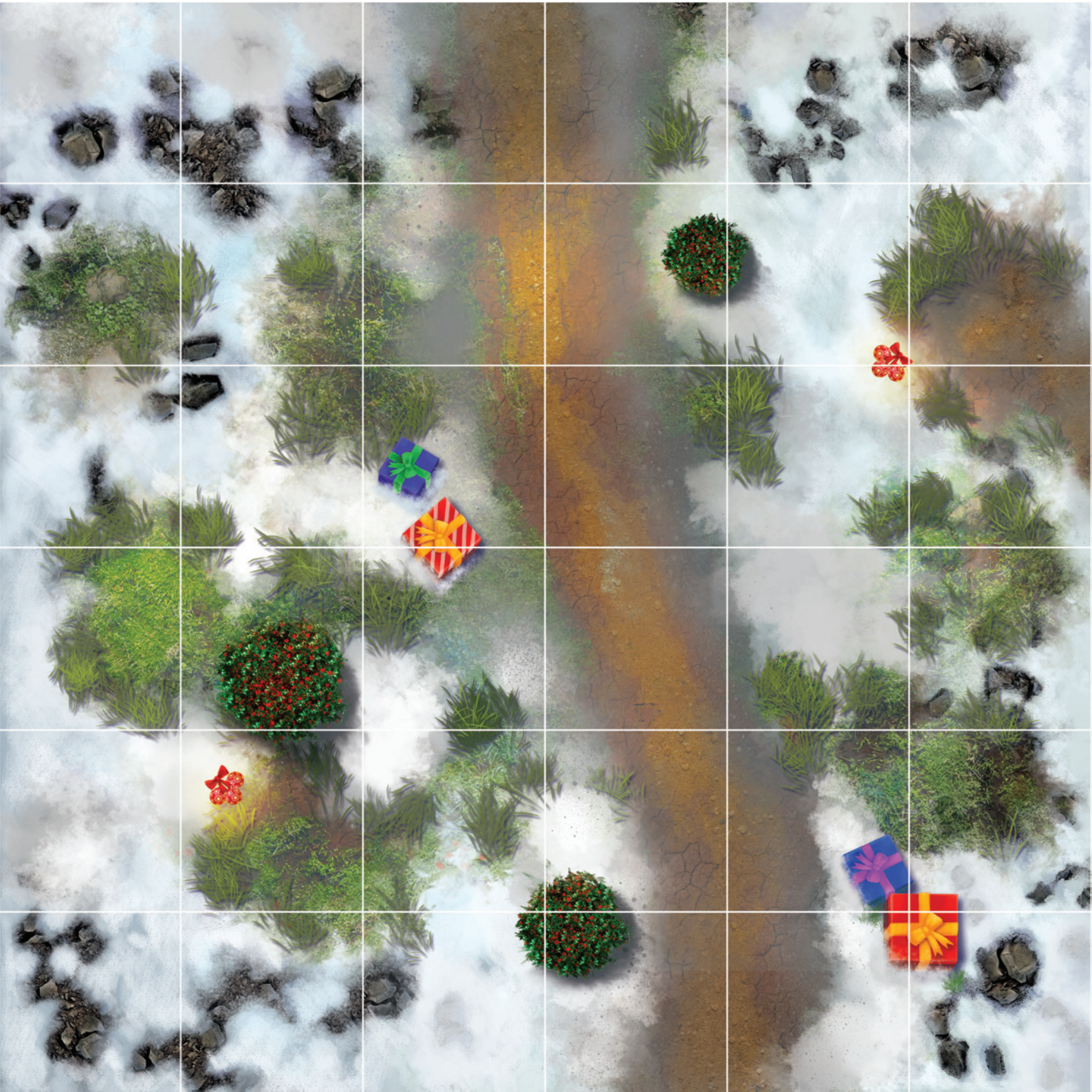
Christmas Tile 1



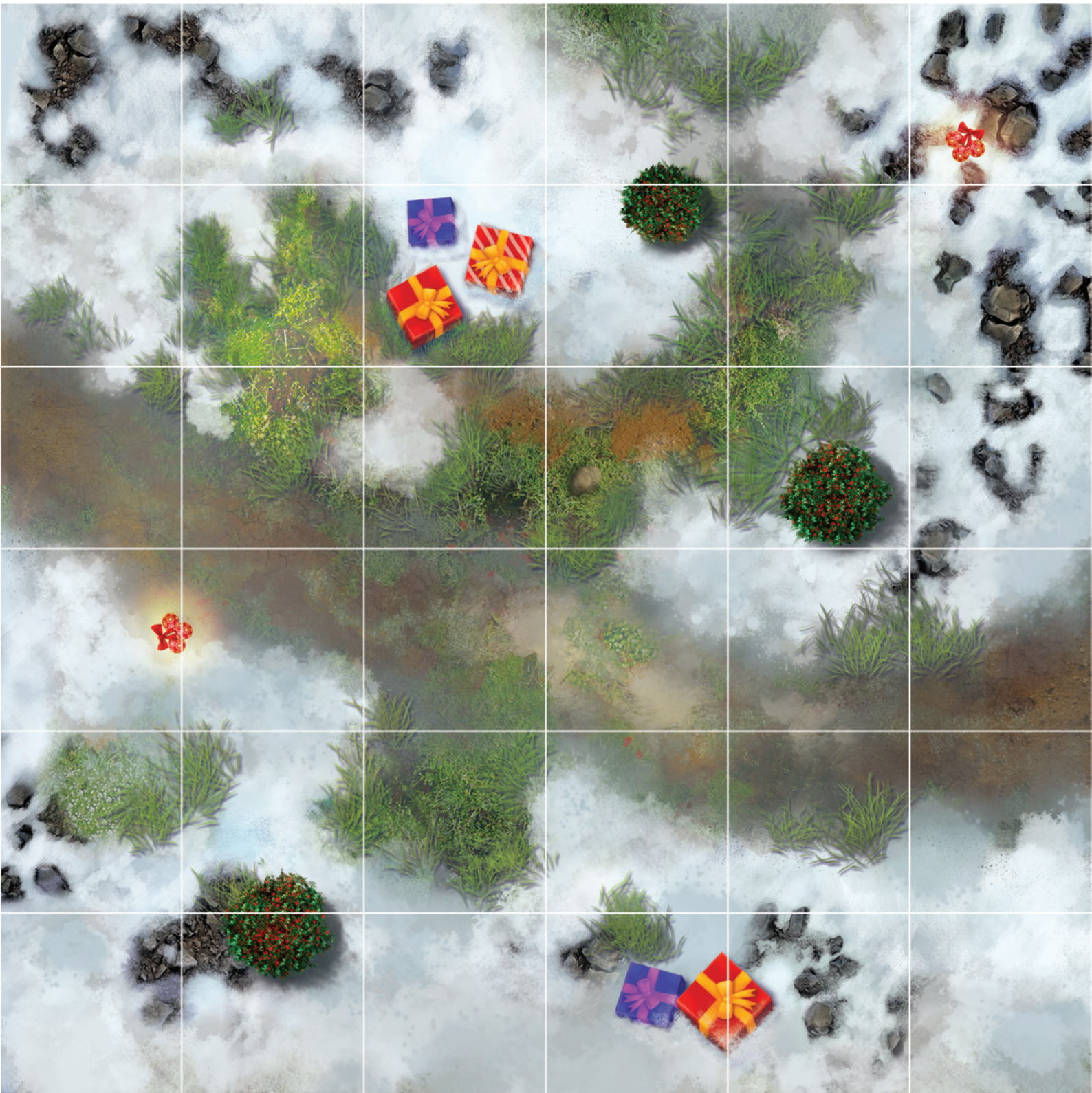
Christmas Tile 2



Christmas Tile 3



Christmas Tile 4



Skirmish cards

Apprentice
Mercenary, Hero, Human

d8
5
1 4+
0
5 5+
6

25 1

Magic Bolt
 +6 eye 2 target person lightning 2 Wo

Knife Know your enemy
 Charm

Squire
Mercenary, Hero, Human

d8
5
5 5+
1
1 4+
7

30 1

Sword
 +1 lightning Chase

Charge
 Insult

Novice
Mercenary, Hero, Human

d8
5
3 4+
0
4 5+
7

30 1

Iron Fist
 +1 lightning Stunned

Healing
 Aegis

Scum
Mercenary, Hero, Human

d8
5
4 5+
0
2 4+
6

30 1

Throwing Knife
 +4 lightning Bleeding

Climb2
 Payback

Jacopo Adoaldi
Venice, Hero, Human

d8
5
5 5+
1
1 4+
7

25 1

Sword
 +1 lightning Chase

Shell
 Inspire
 Command

Gipsy
Mercenary, Hero, Human



d8

5

2

4+

0

5

5+

5

25

1

Frost Fire
+6 3 Wo Stunned

Knife Ice Blast
Gipsy Dance

5

Stratiota
Mercenary, Troop, Human



d6

5

3

4+

1

1

4+

1

4+

4

10

3-5

Labrys
+1 Bleeding

4

Crossbowman
Mercenary, Troop, Human



d6

4

2

4+

0

1

4+

3

15

1-3

Crossbow
+7 Reload1

Knife Climb2

3

Egidio da Viterbo
Papal, Hero, Human



d8

5

2

4+

0

5

5+

6

30

1

Flail of God
+5 2 Wo

Knife Healing
Deception

6

Swiss guard
Papal, Troop, Human



d6

5

3

5+

1

2

4+

3

12

2-5

Falberd
+1 Reach2, Bleeding

Iron will

3

Papal guard
Papal, Troop, Human



d6

4

4

5+

2

1

4+

4

15

1-4

Boardsword
+1 Reach2, Chase

Shield Blessed
armour

4

Various tokens



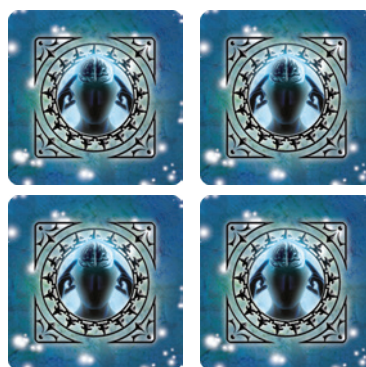
Santa Claus flag token



Santa's little helpers flag tokens



Cursed tokens



Battle focus tokens



Battle focus token rules are included in the Pandora's Box Rulebook, please download it following the link:

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NOVA AETAS Black Rose Wars

"In Black Rose Wars, each player uses magic to collect Power Points by killing the other mages, destroying the rooms of the lodge, rendering them unstable or completing personal missions.

At the start of the game, each mage begins with spell cards selected from a school of choice. Each of the Black Rose Wars schools contains different and unique spells, which each lead to different victory strategies. Each school has a different type of magic distinguishing it from the others, such as divination or transmutation.

In Black Rose Wars, the mages are equipped with a personal grimoire, selected from two different starting sets for each school, to which new spells are added during the game.

The peculiar feature of Black Rose Wars spells is that each one is composed of two different effects. It's up to the mages to choose one while preparing their turn.

The same spell can have two possible effects, offering the mage the possibility to use the spell as effectively as possible, depending on the situation in which they find themselves.

Destruction, Necromancy, Divination, Transmutation, Conspiracy and Illusion are just 6 of the main schools on which the Order of the Black Rose is founded, cornerstones for the aspiring masters that will be impersonated by players in the battle to become the new High Magister."

Spell card

The spell cards represent a key component in the game's execution.

Each mage, in addition to starting with a set of 6 spells in their Grimoire, draws spells throughout the entire game to refine their strategy and become the new High Magister.

A spell card is always composed of:

- A. Title of spell** (to be recited out loud when it's cast!)
- B. Two effects** (up and down) from which to choose during positioning.
- The play effect of the spell is selected during the Preparation phase.
- Each effect has 3 symbols at the top, which identify:
 - C. Type of spell** (Battle, Contingency and Protection)
 - D. Spell element** (Profane, Sacred, Magic, Water, Wind, Fire and Earth). The elements are cited by scenarios or effects that inhibit their use, or by missions as a condition for completion.
 - E. Target** to be selected when the spell is cast and relative range. (Single model, room, Yourself and Special)
- F. Symbol of vortex of instability**, at the centre of the card between the two effects. Some spells are so uncontrollable that they generate instability in the rooms where they are cast. Not all spells have the vortex of instability.
- G. Illustration**



MAGDU

I was still a cute little hoof, or as they loved to call us in the tribe, a "Primecorn". Just 4 months had passed since my birth, but I remember as if it were yesterday the day my father told me the story of how he became an adult. I'll retell it using his same words, but in a way that you can understand it, so... this is the story of Magdu the hunter.

"It was my thirteenth spring, my hooves had become hard and shiny like the stone we used to sharpen our lances. I had waited my whole life for this moment: finally I would participate in the ceremony that would introduce me to adulthood. You must know, little Luperco, that not everybody can become hunters; it is an honour passed down from father to son. What's more, every member of the tribe has their own test to pass, and that to become a hunter is the most difficult of all.

The Witches themselves attended the rite of benediction, during which myself and my seven initiation companions had the honour of having our people's symbols smeared on our skin with sacred paint. When the vestal laid her eyes on me, I heard a reassuring voice inside my head telling me not to worry as she dipped her fingers into the container holding the blood of the Thunder Tooth, dark as the night. Before I even had a chance to tell her which symbols I'd chosen they were already painted on my skin, as if the witch already knew...

The second sun hadn't yet risen, but there were already nine-thousand odd steps separating us from our village. In front of me marched four hunters from the tribe, in all their battle gear, responsible for escorting us to the hunting zone. Their armour covered every last centimetre of their body and the unmistakable bloodish colour of the metal plates shined as if it were alive. Each step lilted with the sound of breathing, reverberating behind the masks hiding their expression.

<Our people have made enormous scientific progress, suffice it to think of the metal spaceships roaming the skies or the powerful firearms with which they are equipped, but tradition must be respected>.

So us young fauns left everything we had behind, including heavy armour, lances and rifles, bringing with us only the typical sharpened black stone. My body was covered with nothing but runes, representing strength and dexterity on both arms, and honour at the centre of my chest. Traced out with the blood of the beast we were hunting, the runes would make it easier to find the pack. The Thunder Teeth hated the smell of their own blood.

<Why was I alone you ask? Fur balls like yourself are the future of our tribe and we don't send them to the butcher like a pack of stupid Brawlers. And given that the sacred beasts never hunt alone, the others helped me during the first attack>.

There were 8 Thunder Teeth, one for each of us, hunting for prey. Hiding among the leaves and swamp flowers, we had surrounded the plain where the beasts sought their nourishment, and we charged; I will never forget the pounding of my hooves (ZOCCOLI?) running across the grass, roaring so fiercely as to tear my throat. It was at that moment that I spotted my prey pre-selected by Gea, as a hunter's first beast is donated by the Goddess herself...

<How did I recognise it? It was the one staring me in the eyes so intensely it seemed as though it wanted to talk to me. Immediately afterwards the pack broke up, running toward the heart of the forest, trying to force us to split so they could attack us individually. Being a powerful beast doesn't mean you stop using your brain, always remember that, Luperco>.

At that moment, the real hunt began, us novices in pursuit of our Thunder Tooth. Leaping over cliffs, wading through swamps, crossing torrents, I spent my nights awake, feeding on roots, without ever losing sight of the beast. It kept a safe distance, uncertain as to whether or not I was isolated enough from my companions. After what seemed like forever, the prey stopped moving away. Instead, it dug its claws into the ground and let out an impatient and wild roar... it was calling me, it was time to settle the score. This was the moment I would become an adult or die trying. *<What happened you ask? Of course I didn't die! Hahahaha, you certainly won't become a scientist, little one! But now let's get back to the story...>*

The beast stood before me, growling and staring me straight in the eyes, jaws sparkling. Just the thought of how hard I was holding that small chipped stone brings the pain back to my old hands, but in spite of this my muscles were flexed, ready to make the most of this occasion to kill that creature, of my same build... making it difficult to define the roles of prey and predator. The Thunder Tooth is not a patient animal, and this one had been isolated from its pack, tired after a week on the run, with me the only obstacle preventing it from returning to its brothers. I was an enemy and I had to be eliminated. The beast's charge was the most chaotic experience of my life. The deafening sound of the Thunder Tooth's battle roar froze me to the core and petrified my muscles, right up until the last instant when I managed to dodge its claws as they grasped at thin air. I tried to strike it under the chin, the only soft point of its leathery skin, but the beast defended my lunge with a horn. The force of my strike made me lose my grip and thus my only weapon in the tall grass of the clearing. After a few minutes of bare-handed fighting, which to me seemed like hours, I began desperately searching for something to use as a weapon. The beast hadn't been wounded, while I on the other hand was bleeding profusely and no longer able to rely on my left eye. I was exhausted but I found my sharp stone, at the cost of a paralysed arm, bitten by the beast. With my shoulders backed

up against the trunk of a large tree, I bet my life on the beast's ferocious charge. Its strength would be its downfall, or at least I hoped.

Claws jabbing into the soil, mouth wide open in the hope of killing me quickly, but... it hadn't done the math with its horns. I quickly slid to the ground as the Thunder Tooth's horns jammed into the trunk of the tree, having finally discovered its weakness. I didn't waste any time, with what little strength I had left, I sunk the sharpened stone so deep into the flesh of the beast that it disappeared, leaving it to bleed to death within a few hours. Just like shadows, from the thick of the forest emerged the four hunters of my escort. One of them was your grandfather, little fur ball, who with a single clean gesture cut off the head of my first prey, letting it roll over to my feet.

<I'll never forget what he said to me: "Before you were just the blood of my blood, now you are my pride. Bring the head to Master Kyrone and you will receive your mask. Welcome hunter, welcome my son">

I barely made it back to the village, despite the hunters having already treated me with the medicinal herbs and urine of Krabnock. As soon as I crossed the threshold to our territory, I heard the typical sound of festive drums and the entire tribe was there to celebrate my return. At the centre of the small village clearing was Kyrone, the mighty centaur, keeper of the hunters' masks.

<You must know that once you receive the mask, it will be the only face you show, even on the day of your death, when it will be buried with you">

During the ceremony, the centaur didn't say much, and what little he said I really didn't understand, but when Kyrone asked me which symbol I wanted etched on my mask, I didn't think twice and indicated the rune that was painted on my chest: Honour.

This is the story of the first Thunder Tooth of Magdu, my father. I too would like to tell you about my first prey, but I never became a hunter, thus breaking the tradition. I still haven't confronted my pre-selected prey, but when this happens, I will lay its horn on Magdu's tomb and I will finally be able to hug my father again, as I tell him: Before I was just the blood of your blood, now I am your pride.

Recording no. 15 - Uses and costumes of the Primaevi Luperco.



Faun Hunter



LUDUS MAGNUS

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